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The Review

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THROUGH THE BREAKERS.

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH THE READERS OF THE REVIEW.

BY THE EDITOR.

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THIS is the eighth birthday of THE REVIEW, and I was tempted to open the new volume with some fine writing to fit the pretty new dress of type. But I have overcome my early penchant for sonorous phrases and learned that "the higher the culture, the simpler the style and the plainer the speech;" I have now so long cultivated the habit of the Fathers to call a spade a spade and not an implement for excavation, that I can not move on high stilts even on such a quasi-solemn occasion as this. So I shall inaugurate the new volume with an informal "heart-to-heart talk" with my readers.

When, seven years ago, THE REVIEW was "launched on the uncertain sea of contemporary journalism," whose roaring breakers have since smashed many a stouter and less unseaworthy craft—its pilot was a young man, who made up by unlimited boldness for what he lacked in wisdom and experience. If he has been disappointed in some of the expectations he expressed in the Prospectus, it is entirely his own fault. These seven years have taught him many a wholesome lesson; but though he has learned, among other things, that "viewiness"—the ability to pronounce brilliant generalities about all things whatever—is by no means the chief qualification of a Catholic editor, he feels that he is still far from possessing that grace and dignity of the Catholic mind—"the force, the steadiness, the comprehensiveness, and the versatility, the command over one's own powers, the instinctive just estimate of things as they pass before us, which sometimes indeed is a natural gift, but commonly is not gained without much effort and the exercise of years."

In the indulgent view of kind friends, who harbor for the Catholic editorial fraternity Newman's "feeling of real sympathy for men who are under the rod of a cruel slavery,"

The Review has been of some help to the Catholic cause; yet I am well and painfully aware that it has not been what it should have been; and I am free to confess that it has fallen infinitely short of my own ideal of a Catholic journal. Its temper has not been uniformly—I except many valuable contributions of wise and excellent men and speak of my own work only—the truly Catholic temper: noble, majestic, calm, charitable; but, on the contrary, it was often, I fear, violent, vainglorious, uncharitable.

In spite of these failings its circulation and influence have grown, probably because discriminating readers perceived that beneath the excrescenses there was the taproot of a good will and a growing zeal for the glory of God and the honor of His Holy Church; because they felt that the editor was honestly endeavoring to improve himself and his paper; because, knowing how responsibility and power often change men, they hoped that with increased experience and opportunities there would come to him a larger degree of wisdom, knowledge, prudence, and humility, especially under the influence of the supernal graces which the prayers of many devoted friends were bringing down upon him.

It is owing, under God, to these kind friends above all,—and their number must have been greater than I imagined—that I have received light and strength and courage to strive with ever-increasing zeal and, I trow, growing sagacity and discernment, for the realisation of my high ideal. To them, in the first place, and more especially to those of them who added much-needed material, to the indispensable spiritual, support, I must on this occasion offer my most cordial thanks.

If I had been compelled to conduct this journal single-handed all these seven years—occupied as I have been constantly with other work to eke out a living, especially during the weary period when my only emolumentum from The Review was a weekly deficit, which, lacking capital, I had to make up from my outside earnings—this paper would have been little more than a crazy-quilt of more or less well-selected clippings, a journal frequently at sea in many burning questions of the greatest importance, on which my defective training does not enable me to put forth even an opinion. As it was, Providence made it possible for me to enlist in the good work a number of self-sacrificing collaborators, especially from among the reverend clergy, who with their deeper knowledge of theological and other subjects supplied what was lacking in the editor's intellectual make-up, and gave the paper tone and thoroughness and a certain standing in the community.

These, too, zealous and unselfish helpmates in a sacred cause, deserve and have my sincere gratitude. Nor must I omit to include in the list of benefactors those few who, by regular or occasional financial gifts, have helped me to make a weekly review without advertisements a reality; nor the large host of those who take the paper and pay the subscription price regularly, for they likewise have a share in the good work.

My physical constitution is not such as to encourage me in the hope that I shall be able for many years more to stand that wear and tear of mind, that distressful grind and toil, which Cardinal Newman has so well described,*) of those whose profession compels them to "flaunt their intellects daily before the public in full dress, and that dress ever new and varied, and spun, like the silk-worm's, out of themselves." But as long as I can wield a pen, I faithfully promise, with the grace of God, that I will turn it to good uses and with all the power at my command and all the light that prayerful and conscientious study can bring me, untiringly champion the sacred cause of Catholic truth and justice, to defend which, even with limited ability and in a narrow circle, I consider a greater thing than to occupy the Presidential chair.

The older I grow, the more I become convinced that, as the venerable Horace Greeley put it years ago, fame is a vapor, popularity an accident, riches take wings; that the only real happiness and glory is in doing one's duty faithfully and strenuously, without fear or favor. And like the founder of the *Tribune*,

*) 'The Idea of a University,' Preface.

I cherish the hope that, when I am gone and my ashes moulder into forgotten dust, THE REVIEW, which I projected and established and built up with so much labor and sacrifice, will still serve the Lord and fight His battles, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unfaltering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost.

ARTHUR PREUSS.

Offences and Scandals in the Church.

A TIMELY QUOTATION FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN.*)

If Satan can so well avail himself even of the gifts and glories of the Church (using the evidences of her divinity and her high prerogatives to make men suspicious of her—this point is developed in a previous paragraph of the same sermon) it is not wonderful that he can be skillful also in his exhibition and use of those offices and scandals which are his own work in her now or in former times.

She has scandals, she has a reproach, she has shame; no Catholic will deny it. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children;—she has many more bad. Such is the will of God, as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like a fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening. Nay, more than this, He declared that the bad and imperfect should far surpass the good. "Many are called," He said, "but few are chosen;" and His Apostle speaks of "a remnant saved according to the election of grace."

There is ever, then, an abundance of material in the lives and histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the Devil, wish to have some corroboration of their leading idea. Her very prerogatives give special opportunity for it; I mean that she is the Church of all lands and of all times.

If there was a Judas among the Apostles, and a Nicholas among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years, there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy, or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in bishops' households, nay, in the seat of St. Peter itself? Why need it surprise, if in barbarous ages, or in the ages of luxury, there have been bishops, or abbots, or priests who have forgotten themselves and their God, and served the world or the flesh, and have perished in that evil service? What triumph is it, though in a long line of between two and three hundred popes, amid martyrs, confessors, doctors, sage rulers, and loving fathers of their people, one, or two, or three are found who fulfill the Lord's description of the wicked servant, who began "to strike the manservants and maidservants, and to eat and drink and be drunk?" What will come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy, or ill-advised measures, or timidity, or vacillation in action, or secular maxims, or narrowness of mind have seemed to influence the Church's action, or her bearing towards her children? I can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such offences altogether absent from her history. Consider what it is to be left to oen's self and one's conscience,

*) We reproduce this splendid passage from Cardinal Newman's Sermon 'Christ Upon the Waters' (Sermons Preached on Various Occasions, IX), because therein is answered more cogently than we could hope to do by any words of our own, a current objection of which the writer of a recent communication to the editor of THE REVIEW made much.—A. P.

without others' judgment on what we do, which at times is the case with all men; consider what it is to have easy opportunities of sinning; and then cast the first stone at churchmen who have abused their freedom from control, or independence of criticism.

With such considerations before me, I do not wonder that these scandals take place; which, of course, are the greater in proportion as the field on which they are found is larger and wider, and the more shocking in proportion as the profession of sanctity, under which they exhibit themselves, is more prominent. What religious body can compare with us in duration or extent? There are trimes enough to be found in the members of all denominations; if there are passages in our history, the like of which do not occur in the annals of Wesleyanism or of Independency, or che other religions of the day, recollect there have been no Anabaptist pontiffs, no Methodist kings, no Congregational monasteries, no Quaker populations. Let the tenets of Irving or Swedenborg spread, as they never can, through the world, and we should see if, amid the wealth, and power, and station which would accrue to their holders, they would bear their faculties more meekly than Cathlics have done.

In the Spirit of de Sales.

By a Roman Monsignor.

Every respectable profession has a patron of its own, and journalism is no exception to the rule.

The patron of the journalistic guild is St. Francis de Sales.

He was a mild-mannered man, full of the milk of human kindness, and perhaps this was a reason why the Church proposed him as a special model to newspaper editors, who, as a rule, are pugnacious and always ready to pick a quarrel.

This does not mean that an editor must be a dispenser of sweetmeats and taffy. The amiable St. Francis spoke harshly, like his Master, when he addressed the "brood of vipers," and in his 'Introduction à la Vie Dévote' he blames those who do not frankly speak evil of evil and censure where censure is due.

And while he recommends, in censuring vice, to spare the vicious, he adds:

> I except the declared enemies of God and His Church, for these we must decry as much as we can—such as the sects of the heretics and schismatics and their leaders; it is a work of charity to cry "Wolf!" when a rapacious beast has gotten among the sheep, no matter where he is.

A Catholic journalist is above all an apostle. If he is not an apostle of God, he is an apostle of the Devil, who is ever striving to press the press into his service, because he knows what a powerful instrument it is, for good or bad.

Many editors, afraid of the responsibilities of a sacred apostolate, declare themselves nonsectarian, indifferent. They are, in the phrase of a Parisian confrère, "cochers qui conduisent leur chars a côté de la route," drivers who drive their coaches out of the beaten track, where they stick in the mire or are upset, to the discomfort and injury of the passengers. Or, as the suave St. Francis would say, they are doves without wings.

Let us encourage and support those who try to live up to their apostolate by leading us steadily onward and upward—by our prayers, by literary contributions, by material assistance.

The two Catholic dailies of Rome are subsidized by the Vatican. If an American Catholic daily can not be made self-supporting, why does not the hierarchy provide, or induce wealthy laymen to provide, a sufficient fund to keep it alive?

It would be a grand thing and would surely have the blessing of the zealous de Sales.

Rome, Feb. 27th.

Fidus.

poration," and that "the influence of a newspaper, other things being equal, will be greater if it is known who owns the paper and controls its policy, and that that person has no interests adverse to the interests of readers."

This is true as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. As Cardinal Newman says in his Preface to 'The Idea of a University,' it increases the mischief done by the offhand, ambitious, and changeable quality of the teaching of the periodical press, that so very large a portion of its writers are anonymous, for irresponsible power never can be anything but a great evil. Unfortunately, however, many editors and writers, even when they are known, "can give no better guarantee for the philosophical truth of their principles than their popularity at the moment, and their happy conformity in ethical character to the age which admires them." Our own literary tribunals and oracles of moral duty should bear a graver character.

Celebrating St. Patrick's Day.

Father Kelly, in his paper, the *Providence Visitor* (March 16th), protests against certain unbecoming ways of celebrating St. Patrick's Day. What does he think of an entertainment for the benefit of a Catholic church,*) where priests †) sing Irish songs on an opera-house stage ‡) for a mixed public, which immediately after indulges in a hop? or of a high-mass celebrated by a monsignor,‖) for which a "Professor" had arranged "a program of Irish melodies," a "special feature" being "the solo 'Killarney' by Madame C—— at the Offertory," the same lady singing "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls" immediately after the elevation.§) It surely is not necessary to celebrate St. Patrick's Day "with beads and a sermon;" yet such celebrations would doubtless be more pleasing to Erin's great Patron Saint and more in keeping with the spirit of the Lenten season.

*) St. John's, Chicago.
†) Revs. Dore, Callahan, and Nawn.
‡) Freiberg's Opera House, 180 E. 22d St., Chicago.
‖) Rt. Rev. J. J. Kennedy, in St. Lucy's Church, Syracuse.
§) Details from the Catholic Sun of March 15th, which advertised the performance in advance with a full-size portrait of the charming Madame.

Obituary.

Those of our readers who remember the famous "Jus" letters published in the N. Y. *Freeman's Journal* when it was edited by McMaster, will be mournfully interested in the news that their author, Rev. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, died piously in Cleveland, O., on March 10th. The *Catholic Universe* of March 15th printed a character-sketch of this learned and modest priest and the story of his long and fruitful life. *R. I. P.*

The *Pilot* (March 23rd) chronicles the death of its venerable founder and publisher, Mr. Patrick Donahoe. Mr. Donahoe has doubtless been overrated in the Catholic press of this country, but as a publisher he had at least one admirable trait; fully conscious of his own limitations, he hired able editors and never interfered with their conduct of his paper. The *Pilot*, during the sixty-three years of its existence, has done much good among our Irish brethren, for which Mr. Donahoe will surely be rewarded. *R. I. P.*

Editorial Letterbox.

Rev. Th. Hammeke, Philadelphia.—B. Herder has written to England to enquire if a Latin-English dictionary comprising early Christian and Mediæval Latin can be had.

Rev. A. Aufmkolk. — Of Modern Samaritans we know nothing. The Grand Order of Good Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria is an offshoot of Freemasonry and was originally designed for colored people. In 1848 the Independent Order of Good Samaritans was started in New York as an offshoot of the Sons of Temperance. It claims to have initiated up to date 400,000 members. Its aims are "educational and benevolent, paying death, sick, disability, old age and annuity benefits" (Thus the Encyclopædia of Fraternities.) The New York Insurance Report has nothing about the Good Samaritans or Modern Samaritans. We advise you to address the Minnesota Insurance C mmissioner for further details.

Sociological Questions of the Day.

Doctoring Our Mutuals.

When The Review began its series of articles on the untenable position of our mutual benefit and insurance societies, some priests and laymen sneered at them, others shook their heads, saying they did not understand the matter; very few understood and approved our position. The latter have multiplied rapidly within the last few years, partly because so many mutuals have failed, partly because, by a closer study, it became evident that a thousand dollars insurance could not be secured by the payment of a few nickels monthly. Hence even the officers and members of a number of these organizations agreed that something must be done. Several have done something already, among them the oldest mutual on the Catholic side, the German Widows' and Orphans' Fund of St. Louis. To save the society it was resolved to keep up the old assessment rates, but lower the insurance sum according to the amount paid in by each deceased member. Whoever had paid one-tenth of the insured sum, is to have two-tenths in case of death; who had paid two-tenths, is to receive three-tenths, etc. The sum deducted is to go into the reserve fund, until one-tenth of the whole insurance carried by the society is on hand. Then the death-claims are to be paid in full, as formerly.

We refrained at the time from any comment, not knowing to what extent the society was already indebted; nor do we know at present what its indebtedness is; but since a writer in the *Aurora und Christliche Woche*, quoted approvingly by the *Wanderer* of St. Paul, holds up the proceeding of the W. & O. Fund as a model to be followed, we deem it proper to make a little calculation.

We start from the principle that holds good in every life insurance, that each member must pay on an average his own insurance, plus the cost of administration. Then we have the following problem: The W. & O. Fund has 5,000 members, averaging 51 years of age, who, according to the American table of expectancy of life, have still 20 years to live. Can they, with the highest rate now paid by a society member, ever realize the insurance sum of $1,000? The highest rate makes in twenty years $488; or, at compound interest, at 4 per cent, $756.40. There is nearly a quarter of a thousand shortage.

But as every one knows, not all will reach the age of 70. Let us suppose one-half of them does, and the other half dies after having paid one-half of their insurance. How does the problem look then? The first half paid in $500, but according to the adopted rule, drew out $600. Who paid the other hundred dollars? Evidently the survivors; hence they will not even obtain $756, but $756 minus $100 minus interest lost on money paid out before the end of twenty years. What that will amount to, we can not tell, but in all certainty we can say, the sum realized by them at the age of 70, will be little more than $600, if it will reach that figure.

It may be objected that we forget the reserve fund of $44,000. We do not. That reserve fund will disappear like snow before the sun, when the cost of administration is taken into account. $44,000, invested at 4 per cent, yield $1,760 interest. Has the W. & O. Fund ever known a year where that sum sufficed to pay for its administration? What if the better risks, that is those who can still obtain insurance in some other mutuals at less cost, drop out?

A physician may be proud of the fact that by his skill he has prolonged the life of his patient for a few months or years; he is dealing with a mortal man; but mutual insurance doctors have nothing to brag of when they prolong the life of a society that by its very nature ought to be immortal, for a few years. And no one can justly praise their proceeding or hold it up as a model to be followed by others.

J. Hernan.

Current Educational Topics.

Free Schoolbooks.

We have received the subjoined communication from a priest of the Diocese of Belleville:

To the Editor of The Review.—*Sir:*

I enclose for your perusal a clipping from the Chicago *Tribune*, of Feb. 24th. This contribution on the free schoolbook movement, from the pen of the Superintendent of Schools in Chicago, is by no means an isolated expression in favor of the introduction of free books, but is rather one of the many voices raised in the systematic advocacy of free schoolbooks. The arguments adduced by Prof. Cooley are stated in a concise manner, and are so formed that they will appeal to many a reader. If, therefore, the friends of Catholic schools are not on their guard, they can surely expect that the free schoolbook bill will make its appearance again in one of the next sessions of the legislature, possibly already two years hence. And if the bill does put in its appearance, it will be with better prospects of success than it had two years ago. This propaganda is being made in the towns of this vicinity. Prof. Cooley mentions one of the obstacles which the friends of free schoolbooks would have to overcome, viz., the opposition of the publishers of textbooks. Whether the publishers are really opposed to free books or not, is a question. It seems to me that the publishers would be able to divide the field among themselves just as easily as they do now, and would accordingly not suffer from decreased sales. On the other hand they would no longer deal with the retailer, but with the school board directly. That they could make satisfactory and mutually profitable arrangements with the average school board, is quite clear. With a board friendly to their interests, they could unload books of inferior binding, which a retailer would not accept; they could arrange frequent changes of textbooks at the expense of the public treasury more easily than it can be done now, where a change means an immediate cash outlay on the part of the parents. Again, under the present system parents would not allow the wanton destruction of books; under a free book system, the parents would not care. Accordingly I suspect that the so-called opposition of the book-trust is only fictitious, not real, and when the time for action comes, it will not be with us but against us.

I am sure that the free book question will come up again, and an early ventilation of the question, with answers to the article of Prof. Cooley, would place our clergy and laity where they could combat intelligently the arguments which they will be obliged to meet some day, sooner or later.

Christian Goelz.

Cobden, Ill.

* * *

The argument of Superintendent Cooley in favor of free schoolbooks may be concisely stated thus:

1. They will remove a barrier that is now shortening materially the term of attendance of the pupils in the elementary schools. The child who has no books at the opening of school falls behind, loses interest, and quits at the earliest opportunity. Our fund book system has only partially met this difficulty and logically should be followed by the provision of books for all who want them at the opening of the school. The average term of attendance of the public schools now is only about four years.

2. The system is free from the stigma of pauperism that now prevents many worthy and needy children from asking for and receiving a fund book. Free textbooks will not pauperize the children any more than free schoolhouses, free teachers, and supplies.

3. It materially reduces the cost of books to the children taken collectively.

4. Free textbooks have invariably been attended by marked increase in the attendance in the higher grades.

5. If it is right for the State to usurp the parental right of controlling the child's time and to step in and compel the parent to send the child to school, it is certainly only fair to make the conditions as favorable as possible for getting some adequate return for this time employed.

The Chicago *New World*, in a recent discussion of the question (Feb. 2d), said, "there are so many good reasons against this proposition that the only difficulty is to select the ones to be relied on; and it selected these:

For Catholics, there is the special objection that they are already paying for two sets of schools; and their burden for schools they do not use is already too heavy. But there are valid objections which apply to all classes of the community. The taxpayers of this city are already groaning under the burden of taxation, and there is additional money needed by the Board of Education for matters that are more important than free schoolbooks. There is money needed to build more schoolhouses and there is money needed to pay better salaries to the teachers. Until these things are provided for, whether by the method advocated by the Teachers' Federation or some other method, it is worse than idle to talk of free books.

Against the allegation, that the present system induces many persons, who can well afford to pay for the schoolbooks, to "fraudulently pauperize" themselves, in order to avoid paying, our contemporary says:

> This is as much as to say that, because certain parties have acted fraudulently in order to avoid paying for the schoolbooks furnished to their children, the legislature should pass a law rewarding them for their fraud by enacting that they shall not ever again be asked to pay.

The argument that, under the present provision for free books for poor children, people without means are compelled to humiliate themselves and expose their children to insult, is declared by the *New World* to be "very characteristic of the spirit of insolent materialism," because it assumes, that being too poor to pay for schoolbooks is a condition which a man ought to be ashamed of; and it adds that if there are many pupils in our public schools so utterly and vulgarly delivered up to the spirit of mammon as to insult those whose parents are too poor to pay for their books, "it ought to be possible to deal with them as they deserve."

Our contemporary might have suggested, as a more efficient measure, that the school authorities should be compelled to keep secret the names of those children to whom books are furnished free.

These considerations are good enough as far as they go; but scarcely a single one of our readers will fail to perceive their inherent weakness.

In matter of fact, Prof. Cooley's position is unassailable: "If it is right for the State to usurp the parental right of controlling the child's time and to step in and compel the parent to send the child to school, it is certainly fair to make the conditions as favorable as possible....."

If it is true that the State or public authority has the inherent right, special and proper, to educate its citizens, in the plenary sense of this word, what is to prevent it from not only forcing all children into State or public schools, but from furnishing them free books, lunch, and clothing?

Many of us can not believe that the bulk of Americans have come to that pass that they are willing to have their domestic affairs controlled by State power, or that they are willing to impose upon themselves that intolerable yoke of paternalism, which the more intelligent of European nations are so eager to shake off. They can hardly imagine that such a tendency will prevail in America in the long run, but cherish the opinion that any effort to make such a policy popular, is, to say the least, labor ill-spent.

> We would not have our children become wards of the State—says Father James Conway, S. J., 'The State Last,' p. 77.—If there is anything calculated to stamp out patriotism from the hearts of citizens, it is undue interference on the part of the State. Our American freedom consists not only in free suffrage, but also in the protection which it offers to personal and domestic rights, so that every one who comes to our shores from European States, even before partaking of the rights of a citizen, feels that the heavy burden of paternalism and beaurocracy has been lifted from his shoulders; and that he breathes more freely.... It would be highly unpatriotic, or, at best, mistaken patriotism, to swerve from the time-tested principle, that a man's home is his castle, and to make ourselves and our children wards of the State.

The furnishing of free schoolbooks is simply another outcrop of the false principle that underlies our entire public school system and policy—the usurpation of parental authority by the State, and the consequent attempt to do for each child, through political agencies, that which can be properly done by nobody

else in the world, except by its own father and mother. And we contend, with that strong champion of parental rights, the late Zach. Montgomery, that this usurpation of parental authority by the political State is the main trunk out of which naturally grow many other evils that already beset or threaten us; and that unless the parent tree be rooted up, we shall never be able to rid our country of its poisonous branches, nor of their bitter and deadly fruit.

Perhaps in the inscrutable designs of Providence, the logical development of the pernicious popular error, that the State is "the great first parent," by the passing of compulsory school laws, the furnishing of free books, lunches, and even clothes, to all the pupils of our public schools—in a word, the rise of State Socialism, will, by bringing the people face to face with the most deadly foe of their liberties, result in opening their eyes to its hideous deformity and in stamping it out of existence.

We are growing daily more convinced of the wisdom and ultimate effectiveness of the Montgomery policy: To keep prominently before the people, as the fundamental, the vital issue, this question:

Shall the parent or the political State determine for a child who shall be its teacher, its companions, and what books it shall or shall not study?

Let all other issues be made subordinate to this. Let us brush away all those side issues which every parent should settle according to his own judgment and conscience, and let us raise aloft the banner of parental rights and equal educational liberty, without distinction of creed, party, or calling.

ARTHUR PREUSS.

The Religious World.

A Priest's Suicide and the National Home for Incapacitated Clergymen.

A Minnesota confrère sends us a cutting from the St. Paul *Globe* of March 8th, in which the tragic suicide of Rev. Francis J. Budzikowski, of the Diocese of Duluth, is detailed in all its horror. Rev. Budzikowski shot himself through the heart in a Minneapolis hotel, and despondency is believed to have prompted the terrible act. On his person was, among other papers, a letter from Bishop McGolrick, as follows:

> Duluth, Feb. 2, 1901.—Rev. and Dear Sir: I shall have no further use for your services in this Diocese after the 27th of this month. Your faculties are hereby withdrawn after that date. Hoping that you will find a suitable place in another diocese, I am, yours, James McGolrick.

A telegram from Duluth stated that Rev. B. "was discharged because he showed signs of mental aberration and was not attending to his work. There were no charges against him."

What about a national home for incapacitated priests?—we are asked in this connection. We answer by another question: What about a bishop that is guilty of sending away a priest of his diocese without any means of support, for no other reason than that the priest is mentally deranged? As we do not know that Bishop McGolrick is guilty of this crime—newspaper reports are no evidence—we simply wish to give a general answer. By his ordination to the priesthood, the bishop is a brother to every other priest; by his elevation to the episcopate, the bishop becomes a father to every priest in his diocese. If we consider the relation of a brother, a bishop who sends away a demented priest without any support, acts worse than Cain did in killing Abel. If we consider him as a father of his priests, who dismisses a lunatic son without taking care of him, the crime of Jacob's sons selling their brother Joseph is an act of mercy compared to such heinous conduct. We hope Bishop McGolrick can plead "not guilty" before God and men. But were he guilty, it would not prove the necessity of a national home for retired priests, but rather of a place where a retired bishop could do penance.

J. F. MEIFUSS.

Matters Musical, Artistic, and Dramatic.

Church Music.

The Cincinnati Commission's Second Official Catalog.

After the publication of the first official catalog of the Cincinnati Diocesan Church Music Commission, the hope and belief were expressed in The Review, that in the second edition many compositions classed among the "accepted" would be found under the contrary caption and be sent on their way to well deserved oblivion by the stamp of disapproval set upon them by the Commission.

This hope has been doomed to disappointment. It could hardly have been otherwise, however, for the standpoint assumed by the Commission has been a compromise, a straddle.

As in the first catalog, the regulations in regard to Church music issued by the Congregation of Rites on July 6th, 1894 to the Italian bishops, and which has since then been republished in Latin, thereby making it applicable to the universal Church, are reproduced. Supposedly the Cincinnati Commission judges of the music submitted to it in the light of this official document.

It is deeply to be regretted that such is not the case. The first two articles of the "Regolamento" read:

"Art. 1. Every musical composition harmonizing with the spirit of the accompanying sacred function and religiously corresponding with the meaning of the rite and the liturgical words, moves the faithful to devotion and is, therefore, worthy of the House of God.

"Art. 2. Such is the Gregorian chant, which the Church regards as truly her own, and which is accordingly the only one adopted in the liturgical books of which she approves."

This is simply a re-statement of what has been said in a hundred decrees on a hundred occasions. It means that the Gregorian chant is the norm, the ideal which must forever be in the minds of those who would presume to serve the Church in a musical capacity; that any other kind of music, whether diatonic or chromatic, is only tolerated by the Church in so far as it approaches in spirit, if not in form, to this ideal. But this is not the standpoint assumed by the Cincinnati Commission. It repeats what it said in the first edition of its catalog: "We do not intend to establish a style of music, whether it be Gregorian, Cæcilean or Figured. All we intend is to eliminate existing abuses."

It is difficult to make this agree with the articles quoted from the Regolamento. How can the Commission "eliminate existing abuses" if it does not set up a standard and an ideal in comparison with which it will judge any composition submitted to it for examination? If the Commission intended to confine its critical judgment to the completeness of the sacred texts in the compositions examined by it—the importance of which can not be overestimated—why should it call itself Music Commission?

When the founder of the great reform movement in Church music appealed to the German Catholics in congress assembled for their cooperation in the work he had just begun, he outlined the mode of procedure which has been followed by every prudent reformer since the days of Rev. Dr. Witt's first beginnings. He asked: "Shall we banish all figured music from the church and sing only the Gregorian? No; that would be too violent a change and would empty our churches. Shall we sing nothing but Palestrina and his school? We have not as yet the singers trained to do this. What shall then be our initial step toward reform? Let us exclude all trash (Schund) from our organ-lofts." What he understood by trash Rev. Fr. Witt has sufficiently defined in his writings, and his definition does not differ from that accepted by musicians the world over. Dr. Witt's equipment for judging of music did not merely consist in the hability to sing in tune and play a little on the piano. Nor did he ever write any musical platitudes. Being aflame with the spirit and the love of the Church and the dignity of her

cult, he was an uncompromising foe of all money changers in the temple and if he were alive and a member of the Cincinnati Music Commission, he would certainly vote for the initial step in Church music reform by placing the compositions of some sixty authors whose works find favor with the Commission in the category where they belong, that is among the "rejected." JOSEPH OTTEN.

Art.

Tissot's Life of Christ.

An advertisement—one of the many with which clergymen are generally annoyed—was mailed to us a few weeks ago. At the request of its publisher, it should be treated "personally." As a number of clergymen received the same, we do not believe we lay ourselves open to the charge of indiscretion if we publish its contents; especially as we can not find any reason for personally treating an advertisement which is intended for the public and bears on the common good. We rather think this one of the many current schemes of drawing attention.

The advertisement is an offer, made by Mr. J. J. Tissot, of his 'Life of our Lord Jesus Christ,' in four sumptuous volumes. The prices are $30, $40, and $50 respectively. On the last page of the printed circular—which does not bear the seal of "personal" matter—recommendations, such as that of the Most Reverend the Archbishop of New York, give the work some moral support.

The readers of THE REVIEW, from an article printed in this paper some years ago (Vol. V, No. 52), know our opinion of Mr. Tissot's artistic abilities. Since we wrote that article, new opportunities have offered themselves to us to study Mr. Tissot's "wonders of art" more closely, as also to get acquainted with the views of some art critics. We are sorry to say that we are compelled to maintain our principles and the consequences thereof as applied to Tissot's works. We should like, therefore, to refer the reader to what we said on that occasion. Of the same character as that of the picture we then criticized ("Our Blessed Virgin at the Well") is almost all the rest we have seen. The "Flight into Egypt," for instance, or rather the Repose of the Holy Family at the Sphynx, is a bold design, which has nothing in common with the sacred features of the holy persons. Tissot has, indeed, succeeded in painting or drawing from nature such persons as any pilgrim may now happen to see in the Holy Land. But awe and reverence, which an ideal religious picture, especially when its subject is taken from the most noble and divine sphere, always breathes, the master entirely fails to inspire in the "devout soul."

But we need not wonder, for "the hand can never execute anything higher than the character can inspire." (Emerson, Essays, 2nd series, "Art.") We do not doubt that Mr. Tissot has entirely broken with all the ties that formerly bound him to the wanton and gay Parisian life; we do not doubt that he went to work out his 'Life of Jesus Christ' with a religious sentiment. But something more is required in order to become a truly Christian painter. First a natural tendency to religion and deep appreciation of the religious principles, and secondly, a constant training of mind in the same.

Here are some utterances of sound art critics:

> We must not expect, nor ought we to desire, the formation of a religious school of art otherwise than by the formation of a school of religious artists; that is, of men who will do their work with faith and for love, whose outward performances will be only counterparts of an inward devotion; so that what they strive to represent in form and color shall be the visions of their own pious meditations, and the fruit of their constant conversation with things spiritual and holy. (Cardinal Wiseman, Lectures, Vol. VI, "Christian Art," p. 79).
>
> Ruskin, the masterly critic of art, says:
>
> Observe, that, as all lovely art is rooted in virtue, so it bears fruit of virtue, and is didactic in its own nature ('Queen of the Air,' § 108)—

a criterion, which, when applied to Tissot's works, would not be in his favor. Again Ruskin says:

> The greater part of the looseness, flim-

siness or audacity of modern work is the expression of an inner spirit of license in mind and heart, connected with the peculiar folly of this age, its hope of, and trust in liberty (ibid. § 147).

These words, every one will find verified in the large galleries of Rome, Florence, Dresden, Paris, London or Boston, even with the most recent enrichment of Tissot's wonderful works. A gay Parisian painter of gay Parisian life—thus runneth the master's later course of life—turns away from this kind of painting—suddenly and to the surprise of those who knew him—pays devout visits to the Holy Land, stays there for ten long years, studies and paints—and then the Christian world is startled with 538 paintings and drawings, the subjects for which are taken from the life of our Lord Jesus Christ — all "wonders of art." It sounds like a fable, but the bulk of four volumes advertised reminds one of its reality. Michel Angelo and Raphael are surpassed both in "quick work" and originality and grandeur of design. In consideration thereof, we do not wish to keep anyone from buying the four volumes; but we kindly and humbly advise the reverend clergy to peruse the above quoted authorities before they lose themselves entirely in the beauties of these wonders of Christian art.

* * *

P. S.—Since writing the above I received—and with me many of my reverend confrères—a circular which needs, or claims, no personal treatment. It is a booklet with a blue cover, on which there is printed Mr. Tissot's statement, why he painted the Life of Christ. He tells us why he set aside the traditional pictures, "great paintings" — "because they were not the Christ." Consequence: the pictures of Mr. Tissot represent the true Christ or pretend to do so. Again he says, that when traveling in the Orient, he had before him "the descendants of the very people among whom Christ had lived." It would be well for Mr. Tissot to take lessons in history and ethnology, in order to acquaint himself with the present people in the Orient and their origin. We know that, after the destruction of Jerusalem, (A. D., 70) almost all the Jews were dispersed; we know that after a revolt of the Jews in Hadrian's reign (117-138) the dispersion was nearly complete; we know that Syria and Palestine were (about 630), subjugated by the Mohammedans, and we, lastly, know that the present tribes nearly all belong to the Beduines who never claimed to be descendants of the people that lived at Jerusalem at the time of our Lord. Doubtless there are still Jews there, but they do not represent the descendants of Jesus' relatives r fellow-citizens. Many an assertion of Mr. Tissot's could be dealt with, but his boisterous and self-worshipping way of speaking cuts off every honest thought, and such a man pretends to paint the true Christ, the divine master of humility!

P. Augustine, O. S. B.

Conception Abbey.

The Stage.

Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet.

One who has seen Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet, writes: From the traditional Anglo-Saxon point of view, indeed, Madame Bernhardt's melodramatic, gesticulatory, prankish, violent, and intensely theatrical Prince is not Hamlet, or even like him, except at very rare and brief intervals, but it is a wonderful piece of acting for all that, especially for a woman, and is not altogether inconsistent with the despiritualized and depoeticized version of the text which probably has been her one source of information.

Madame Bernhardt is too great an actress to be treated in a spirit of narrow and arrogant intolerance. If she reads Hamlet through a glass darkly, as she most certainly does, she sometimes makes astonishingly effective use of such glimmerings of light as have reached her. Handicapped as she is by nationality, temperament, and comparative ignorance of the English tongue—not to speak of sex—she is never ridiculous and never tiresome. She is more mistaken in her conception of the character—execution is a different affair—than was that incomparable actor, Salvini. She is not more theatrical or tricky than Charles Kean, has a far greater amount

of natural intuition than Beerbohm Tree, and is infinitely more vital than that melifluous but empty attitudinizer, Wilson Barrett. Her sex is rarely, if ever, an obstacle to illusion, except perhaps in her final fencing bout with Laertes. The defects of her performance, which are glaring enough, are evidently mainly due to her ignorance of English. The infinite subtilty and variety of the character—philosophic abstraction and vacillation, its speculativeness, tenderness, morbid introspection, refinement, poetic fancy, and neurotic foreboding—are beyond her range of vision. She sees nothing but the superficial provocatives of action. The psychological problem is scarcely suggested to her. Thus it is that she reads the piece, not as an intellectual tragedy, but as poetic and romantic melodrama.

We learn from the *Mirror* (No. 4) that Richard Mansfield will appear next season in a dramatization of Omar Khayyam. If this sort of thing is to continue, we shall probably have, before long, a dramatization of the census reports or the tariff schedules. There's no limit to what the theatrical syndicate can do in the way of forcing its own peculiar novelties in drama upon us.

Now the Odyssey and the Iliad are to be dramatized. The claims of the First Chapter of Genesis should be pushed while the historical craze is on.

An Australian Catholic priest, we learn from the March *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, has put Milton's "Paradise Lost" in the form in which its famous author first intended to compose it. The poem, dramatized, has been produced on the stage somewhat after the style of the ancient miracle-plays, and with great success. It seems Father Duff in his dramatic version has presented the great theme in more Christian form. Even Matthew Arnold conceded that Milton's Puritanism (and Arianism) marred the great work.

The Editor's Notebook.

The Huxley Fake. Since Fr. Thos. Campbell, S. J., exposed the HUXLEY fake in the *Messenger*, there has been a strong protest from another, less suspected quarter against the quackery of modern science, as personified in the "great" Agnostic. Mr. Whidden Graham, of St. Louis, who emphatically disavows the allegation of orthodoxy and declares that he is not a believer in the Christian or any other religion, has asserted in the *Mirror* (Nos. 3 and 5), on the strength of a thorough acquaintance with all of Huxley's works, that the alleged services of this writer to humanity "were a sham," and that the popular estimate of him, as a great philosopher and scientific thinker, is "wholly a delusion." The truth is gradually making its way.

Dr. Pallen. Our friend CONDÉ B. PALLEN is the subject of a sympathetic sketch, accompanied by an excellent likeness, in the February number of *Mosher's Magazine*, erstwhile the *Reading Circle Review*. The author thereof rightly says that from a man of Dr. Pallen's youthful vigor, thorough knowledge of Catholic philosophy, and poetic imagination, we may expect works which will help to make American Catholic literature great. While no one appreciates Dr. Pallen's literary work more than ourselves, we can not help taking this opportunity of expressing our deep regret that he has entirely cut lose from Catholic journalism, which, in a land overrun with liberalistic scribblers, needs men of his calibre and power.

The Elemental Woman. "The elemental woman" is what the *Mirror's* critic calls SARAH BERNHARDT — "anarch and artist," and he rightly says that she has been "the best bamboozler of the public that her sex has ever produced." The same writer gives the *signatura* of her strange career when he adds that she is "the accomplice of the world, the flesh, and the Devil."

The Field Myth. "An old journalist," writing in the *Mirror* (No. 5), energetically protests against the Field myth that is growing up in this country. He declares EUGENE FIELD in real life was anything but the unwinged angel his admirers now make him out to be. He had very little of the milk of human kindness in him. He loved no one outside of his family and did not respect confidences. Besides, he was "something of a snob" in his later and more famous days. His devotion to children was, to a certain extent, a pose. He had discovered the "child-and-mother" game and worked it dexterously for all there was in it. With regard to the much-lauded purity of Field's muse, the writer says that there is extant a large body of verse from his pen which is coarse and vulgarly erotic. — Thus are our idols shattered one by one!

A Catholic Editor's Bequests. The *Stimme der Wahrheit*, of which he was for many years the editor, publishes, in its edition of March 14th, the last will and testament of our lately deceased colleague J. B. MÜLLER (see our No. 51). With the exception of a few thousand dollars which he left to his relatives, he willed the bulk of his property, real and personal, for religious and charitable objects, such as the House of Providence and the Little Sisters of the Poor in Detroit, the Pio Nono Teachers' Seminary at St. Francis, the Diocesan Orphan Asylum, the negro, Indian, Chinese, and Scandinavian missions, the cause of the canonization of Blessed Elizabeth Bona, of his native Suabia, etc. The prayerbooks and books of fiction in his library he left to his pastor, to be distributed as premiums among the school-children for regular attendance at daily mass; the scientific works for the reverend gentleman's personal use. The Bishop of Three Rivers gets $1,000 for masses to be said for those poor souls in Purgatory most in need of help. It is a pity that not more Catholic laymen, especially of the wealthy class, dispose of their means in the spirit of this humble and only moderately well-to-do Catholic editor.

Is it Simony? Our confrère M. Léo Richard protests vigorously, in an article in *L'Ami du Foyer* (No. 5), against the use made of the likeness and a letter of MSGR. MICHAUD, Bishop of Burlington, Vt., by the proprietors of a certain patent medicince. The readers of THE REVIEW will remember our mild note regarding the matter in No. 49. M. Richard delares that if Msgr. Michaud derives any pecuniary benefit from the exploitation of his name and office in the newspapers, he is guilty of simony. Simony is "the act or wilful intention of buying or selling anything spiritual or anything connected with the spiritual order for a temporal consideration." It implies a "merx simoniaca," a "pretium simoniacum," and an "intentio simoniaca." It would be hard to establish these facts in the case of the Bishop of Burlington, and we regard such a charge on the part of a Catholic journal against a bishop of the Church as temerarious. The very fact of its being made, however, will, we trust, warn His Lordship against further abuses of this kind. The scandal such things invariably give to a portion of the Catholic public, ought to be enough to deter any bishop from committing them, even if simony be far from his mind.

Anonymous Journalism. Mr. Wm. J. Bryan rightly observes in his *Commoner* (No. 5) that "a newspaper will exert a greater influence, other things being equal, if it is known to represent on public questions the deliberate convictions of some person—a person of flesh and blood, not a cor-

Book Reviews and Literary Notes.

Mooted Questions of History. — Revised Edition. By Humphrey J. Desmond, Author of 'The Church and the Law,' 'Outlooks and Insights,' etc. Boston: Marlier and Company, Limited. 1901. (75c.)

This new edition of a serviceable work has several new chapters, about fifty new quotations, and a number of additional footnotes. There is also a decided improvement in the typographical arrangement. The plan pursued is to give, under leading topics such as the "Dark Ages," Indulgences, The Reformation and Civil Liberty, "Bloody Mary" and "Good Queen Bess," The Inquisition, The Edict of Nantes, Galileo, etc., a succinct statement of the facts, followed by quotations from well-known historians. There is a phrase here and there which indicates the liberalistic taint of the author's mind (he is none other than our esteemed colleague, the editor of the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen*), but on the whole the truth in mooted questions is well set forth. In a work of this character it is essential that authorities be always cited with chapter and verse. We regret that this method has not been consistently carried out by Mr. Desmond.

ARTHUR PREUSS.

Three Popular Novels:—Viewed in a Catholic Light. ('The Cardinal's Snuff-Box,' by Henry Harland, 'Eleanor,' by Mrs. Humphry Ward; 'Eben Holden,' by Irving Bacheler.)

THE REVIEW can not notice all the popular novels of the day, first, because the publishers do not see fit to send us copies for criticism, and, secondly, even if they would, we lack the time and space to review them. We shall, however, in the future, communicate to our readers, as concisely as possible, the quintessence of the judgment of reliable Catholic critics on some of the most important and widely circulated pieces of fiction.

'The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.' Of this novel, written by Henry Harland, who, we learn on the authority of the *Saturday Evening Post*, has since become a Catholic, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (No. 3) says that it is "extremely witty, almost too much so," but, on the whole, "a good, healthful, and charming book."

'Eleanor.' Mrs. Humphrey Ward's 'Eleanor' is an attack, from the standpoint of science and politics, upon the Catholic Church, which to this gifted lady seems to be a terribly fascinating problem. An appreciative writer in the Sydney *Catholic Press* (Feb. 2nd) calls it "a masterly piece of vivisection, which leaves the onlooker unnerved and miserable," and expresses the expectation that Mrs. Ward will yet find her way into the true fold, as her father did.

'Eben Holden.' 'Eben Holden,' by Irving Bacheler, seems to be one of the most popular novels of the day; which is to be regretted, because, as the *Sacred Heart Review* (No. 3) points out, it is a symptom, denoting a general and rapid decay of letters, good taste, and religious enlightenment.—"Here is a man, a typical descendant of the Puritans, for whom Jesus Christ never existed, and from whose soul the divine teachings are absolutely effaced; an unconscious Pharisee boasting that he is not a sinner; going into the presence of God without a shudder, with no appeal for mercy, and with a braggart's boast of ignorance and unconcern. Have our people reached such a level as that? Do they admire such characters as Eben Holden?"

A List of New Books.

[This list is published with the purpose of announcing important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. Orders should be sent to B. Herder, 17 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., who supplies this list and has the books in stock.]

St. Augustine's Manual, or Little Book of the Contemplation of Christ. Net. 25c.

The Wizard's Knot, by Rev. Dr. Barry, $1.50.

Mooted Questions of History, by H. J. Desmond, 75c.

The Heart of Pekin. Diary of the Siege, May-August, 1900, by Rt. Rev. A. Favier. Paper. Net, 10c.

Biblical Lectures, by Rev. Francis E. Gigot. Ten Popular Essays. Net, $1.25.

Passion Sonnets and Other Verses, by R. Metcalfe. Net, $1.

Catholic Pioneers of America, by John O'Kane Murray. Revised Edition. Net, $1.

Milly Aveling, by Sarah T. Smith. 85c.

The Cave by the Beech Fork, by Rev. Henry S. Spalding. 85c.

The Jubilee Manual, Being the Meditations of Bishop Bossuet, etc. Net, 25c.

The Sweet Enemy, by Katherine Tynan. Net, $2.

With Our Exchanges.

The *Union*, of Ottawa, March 9th, declares that—

> No journalists in the world are such adepts as those of the United States in detecting the microscopic grain of sawdust in their neighbors' eye, while being unable to notice the whole timber limit in their own.

The *Uinon* is still new in the field. To us who have kept a vigilant optic on the sayings and doings of our Canadian confreres for these many years, it has often seemed that some of them might supply their brethren this side the border with lumber enough for a roller-skating rink, from the timber reserves they unwittingly carry in their visual organs.

* * *

The Hartford *Catholic Transcript* (March 15th) says:

> Marion Crawford's "Vatican and Quirinal" article, which is going the rounds of the Catholic press, does not betray an enthusiastic desire for the restoration of the temporal dominion on the part of its writer. It would not require the addition of many sentences to enable it to pass as the amateur attempt of a fairly broad-minded non-Catholic observer. Though coming from such a distinguished source, it does nothing to defend or strengthen the Holy Father's claims and is entirely unworthy of the divulgation which it is receiving.

The article referred to appeared originally in the *Independent*, and we can explain the attention it has received in several Catholic papers only on the score of the purblind Crawford cult that has sprung up in these papers since they learned that the famous novelist was a Catholic; though whether he is a Catholic in anything more than name does not appear from any of his books; rather the contrary.

* * *

The chief fact worth recording about the papal Encyclical on Christian Democracy is that a Protestant novelist "is interested" in it and intends to use it for a forthcoming story. Such at least is the impression conveyed by Mr. Wm. J. D. Croke in some of his recent Roman letters to the half dozen or so of Catholic American weeklies that print his effusions, notably one in the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen* of March 16th. Croke is fairly enamored of Hall Caine—the great, the incomparable Hall Caine, who wrote that atrocious piece 'The Christian,' and he has for months been using his connection with several of our weeklies to puff this man and a novel he is at present elaborating on the banks of the Tiber, with the title, 'The Eternal City.' Frankly, it is high time that our Catholic weeklies get together and contract for some real Roman letters in place of the insufferable drivel furnished by Croke.

* * *

Our keen and level-headed confrère of the *Casket* (March 14th) strongly protests against the custom of a portion of the American Catholic editorial fraternity to call Maud Gonne, the well-known female Irish agitator, "Ireland's Joan of Arc." Joan of Arc is likely to be canonized, and it is an "unpardonable and gross irreverence" to compare with her a woman like Maud Gonne, who, in the words of the *Casket*, is "a ranting infidel."

The Review has denounced this irreverent and unpardonable practice more than once, but its protests had no effect, because the brethren concerned affect to believe that editor Preuss is "anti-Irish." We hope, for the sake of decency and of a cause which has our sympathy, that the *Casket's* warning will be heeded.

* * *

The *Western Watchman's* (March 24th) vicious attack upon Rev. P. Bede Maler, O. S. B., editor of the Eucharistic monthly *Paradiesesfruchte*, one of the noblest and most learned priests in the land, for his recommendation of the recent pastoral of the English episcopate, to the Catholics of the U. S. (see No. 51 of The Review), is worthy of a journal which unscrupulously emasculated that timely condemnation of Liberalism and treated the Holy Father's own previous pronouncement on the same subject (the Brief "Testem benevolentiae") as a stroke in the water.

Arthur Preuss.

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